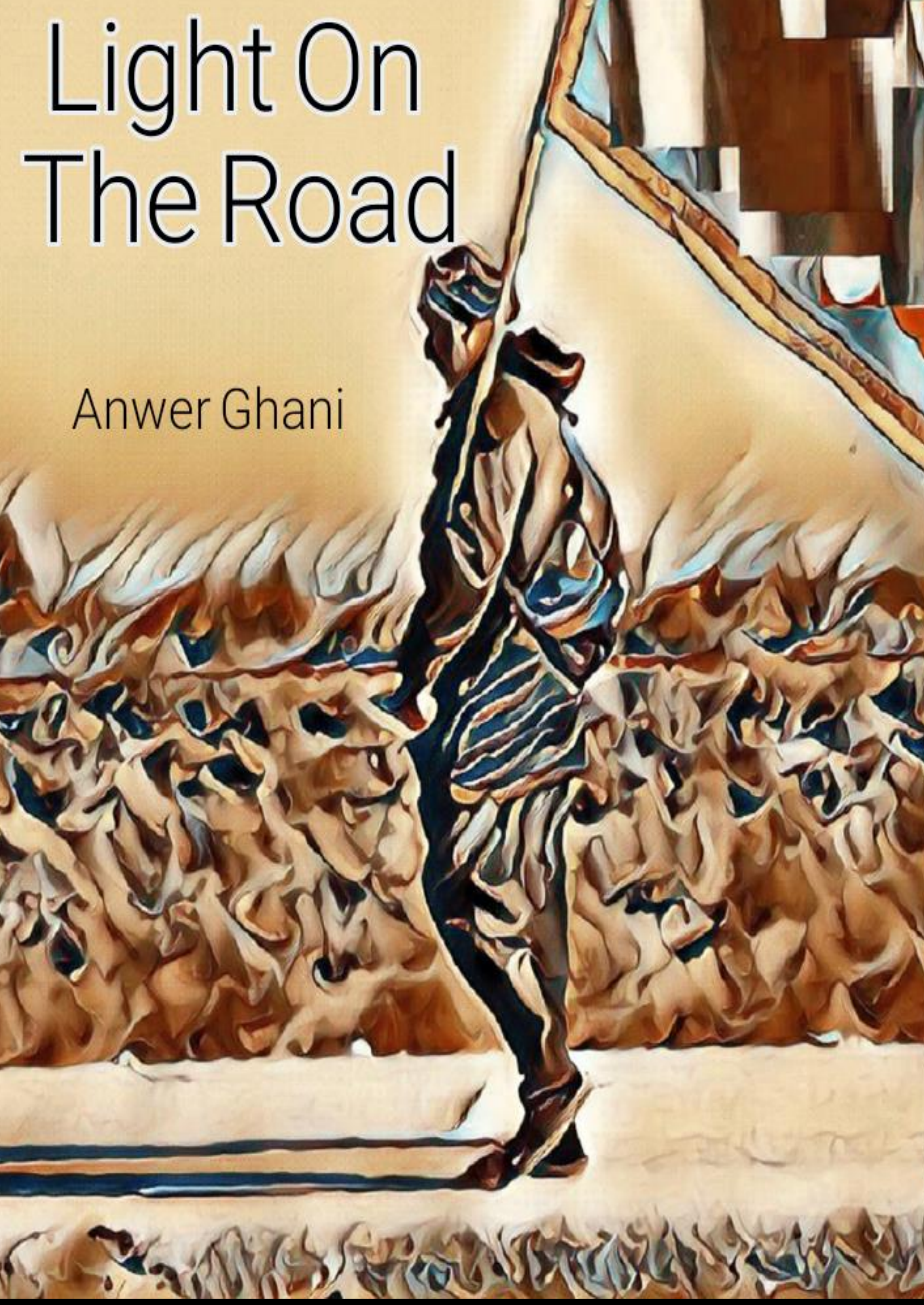

Light On
The Road
Anwer Ghani

Light On The Road

Anwer Ghani

Light On The Road

Anwer Ghani

Arcs Publishing House

Iraq 2021

Contents

Contents........ 1

Preface........ 3

Lucid Flag 4

Abu Ali Tea 6

A Heart on the Road........ 8

Coffee on the Road 10

Convoy Food 12

Convoy Greetings........ 14

Eternal Flag........ 16

Eternal Walk........ 18

Forty Walk 20

Glory Table........ 24

Heaven Tea........ 26

Karbla Women 28

Light on the Road 30

Lover Steps 32

On the road 34

Orange Boy........ 36

Tea on the Road 38

The Journey of Light........ 40

The Red Road 42

The Author 44

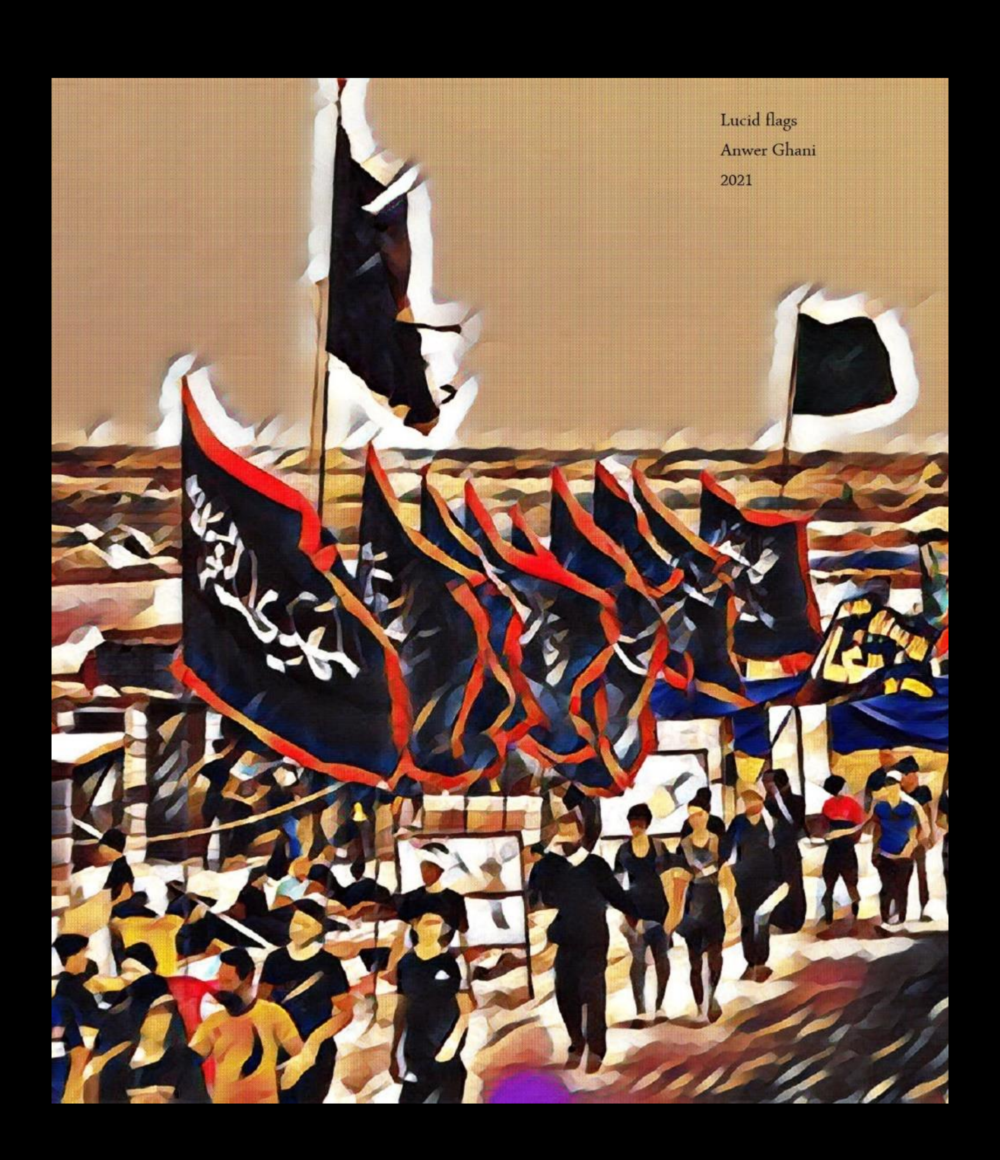
Preface

In Arbaeen Visit on the twentieth of the month of Safar every year, Muslims visit the shrine of Imam Hussein bin Ali, peace be upon him, in Karbala from all over the world on foot. And Al-Hussein, peace be upon him, in the first century AH went out to reform, so he and his companions were martyred and his families were taken captive in a painful incident, so Muslims remember that with pain and sadness, and they walk on foot to console his family at that time.

This visit represents a remembrance of the reform and martyrdom for the sake of telling the word of truth, and it abounds with meanings and great deeds, such as walking long distances, setting up food with long tables, setting up tents for the overnight visitors, and distributing water, tea and coffee in an unprecedented and way that does not happen anywhere else.

Here are paintings with artistic image processing by digital photo arto-graphy that speak of the humanistic meaning of this events.

Lucid Flag


Lucid flags
Anwer Ghani
2021

Abu Ali Tea


Abu Ali Tea
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

A Heart on the Road


A Heart on the Road
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

Coffee on the Road


Coffee on the Road
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

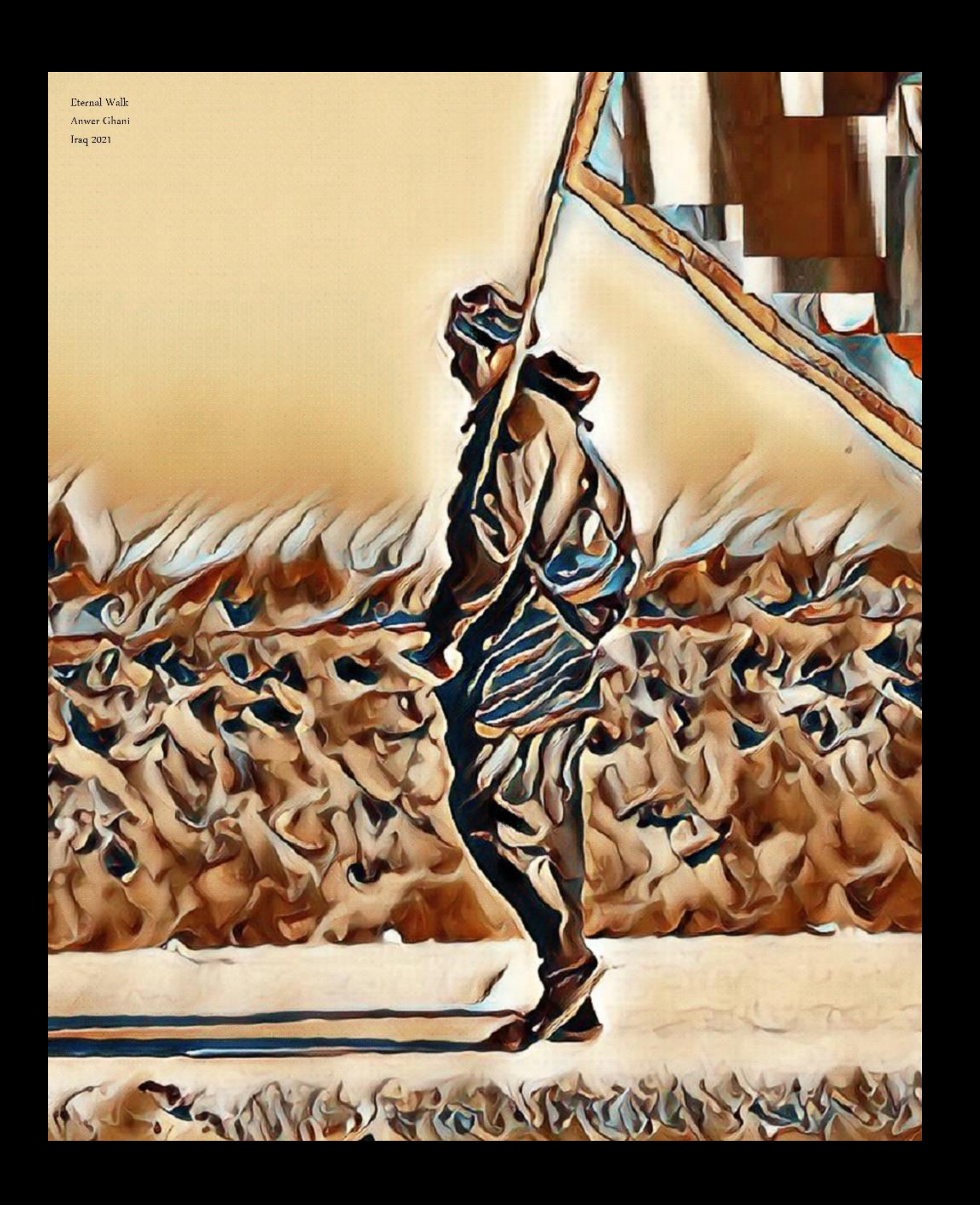
Convoy Food


Convoy Food
Anwer Ghani
2021

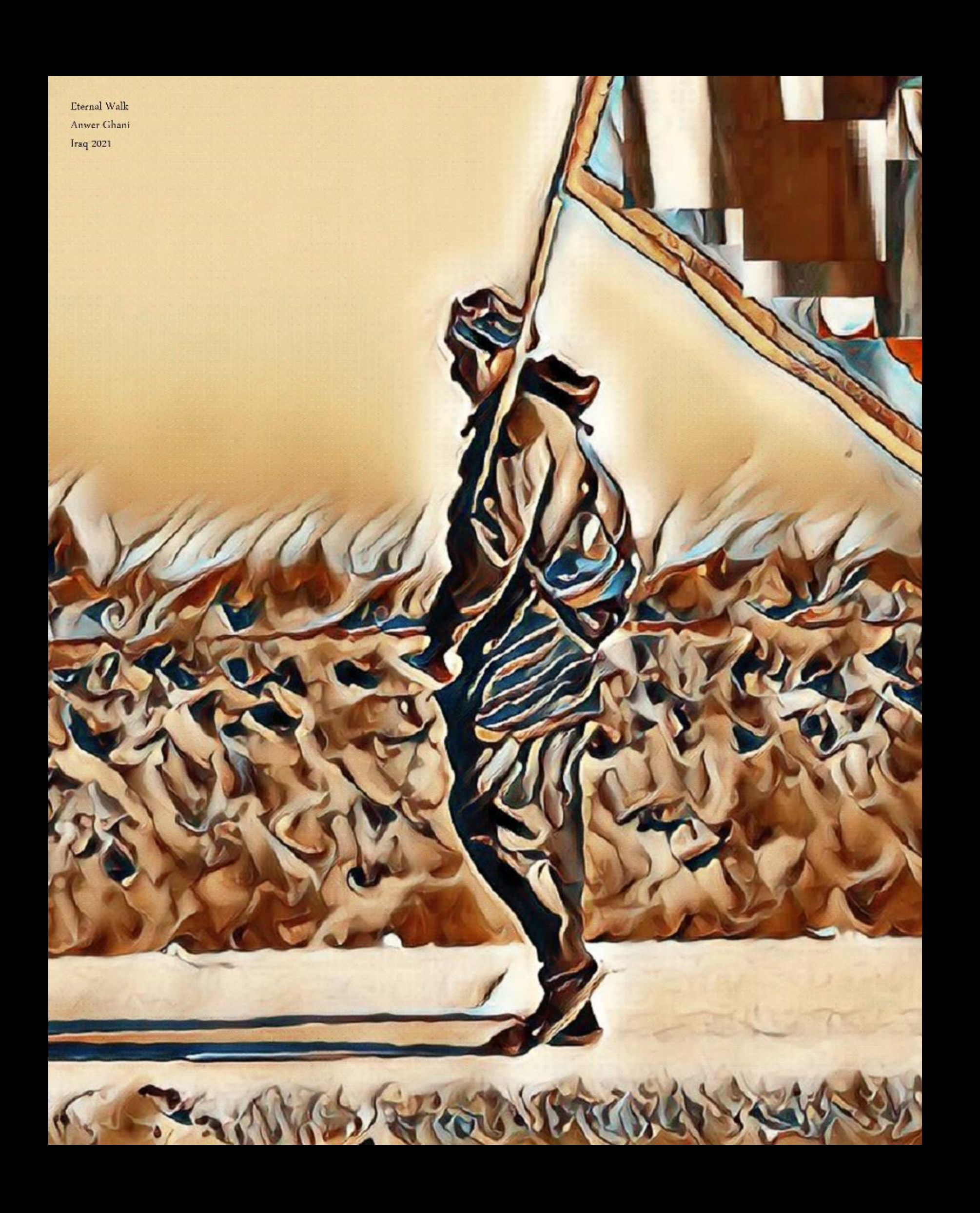
Convoy Greetings


Convoy Greetings
Answer Ghani
Iraq 202

Eternal Flag


Eternal Walk
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

Eternal Walk


Eternal Walk
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

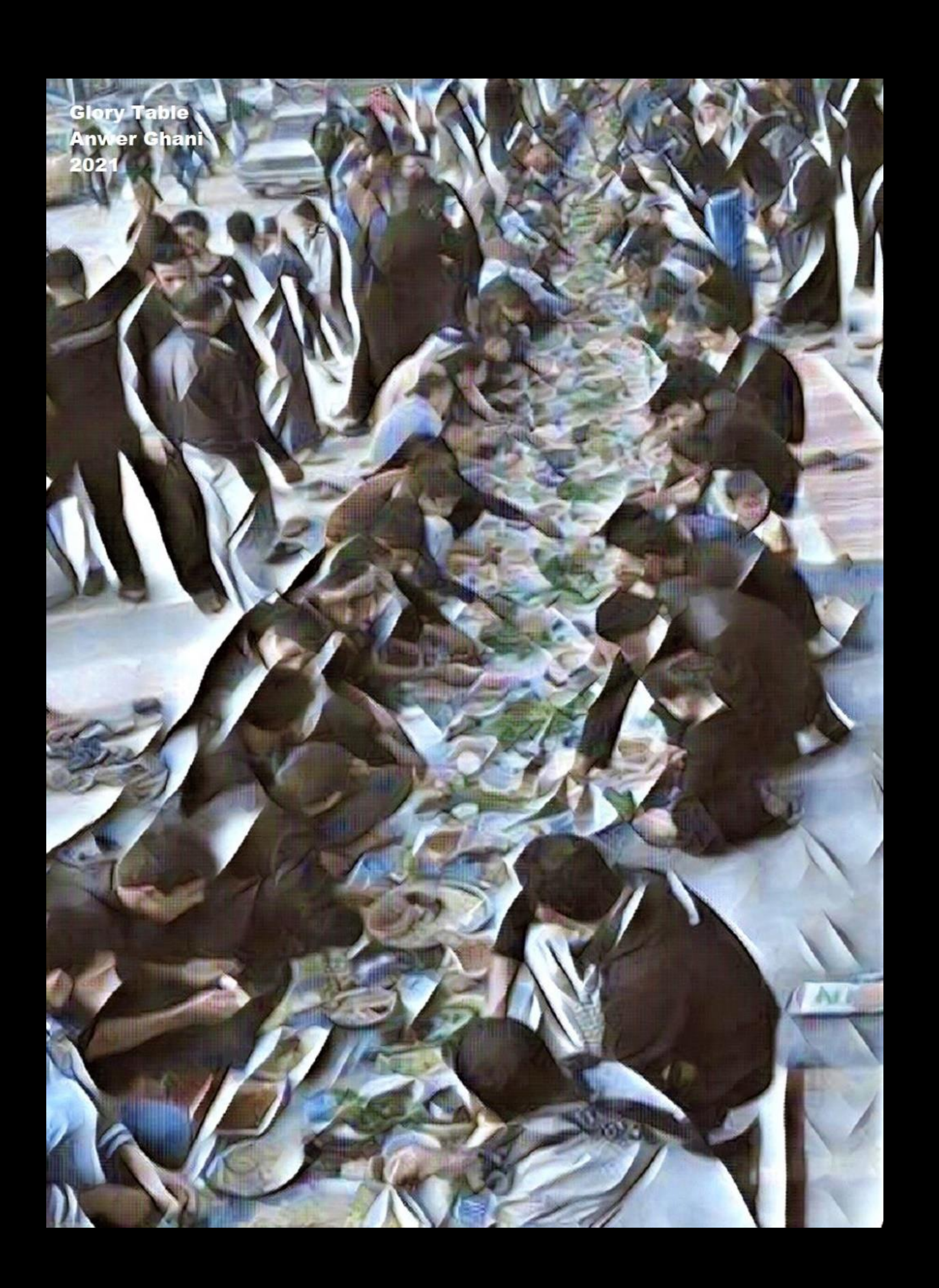

Forty Walk


Forty Walk by Anwer Ghani
1443 (2021) Iraq

Walk the Glory


Walk the Glory
Anwer Ghani
2021

Glory Table


Glory Table
Anwer Ghani
2021

Heaven Tea


Heaven Tea
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

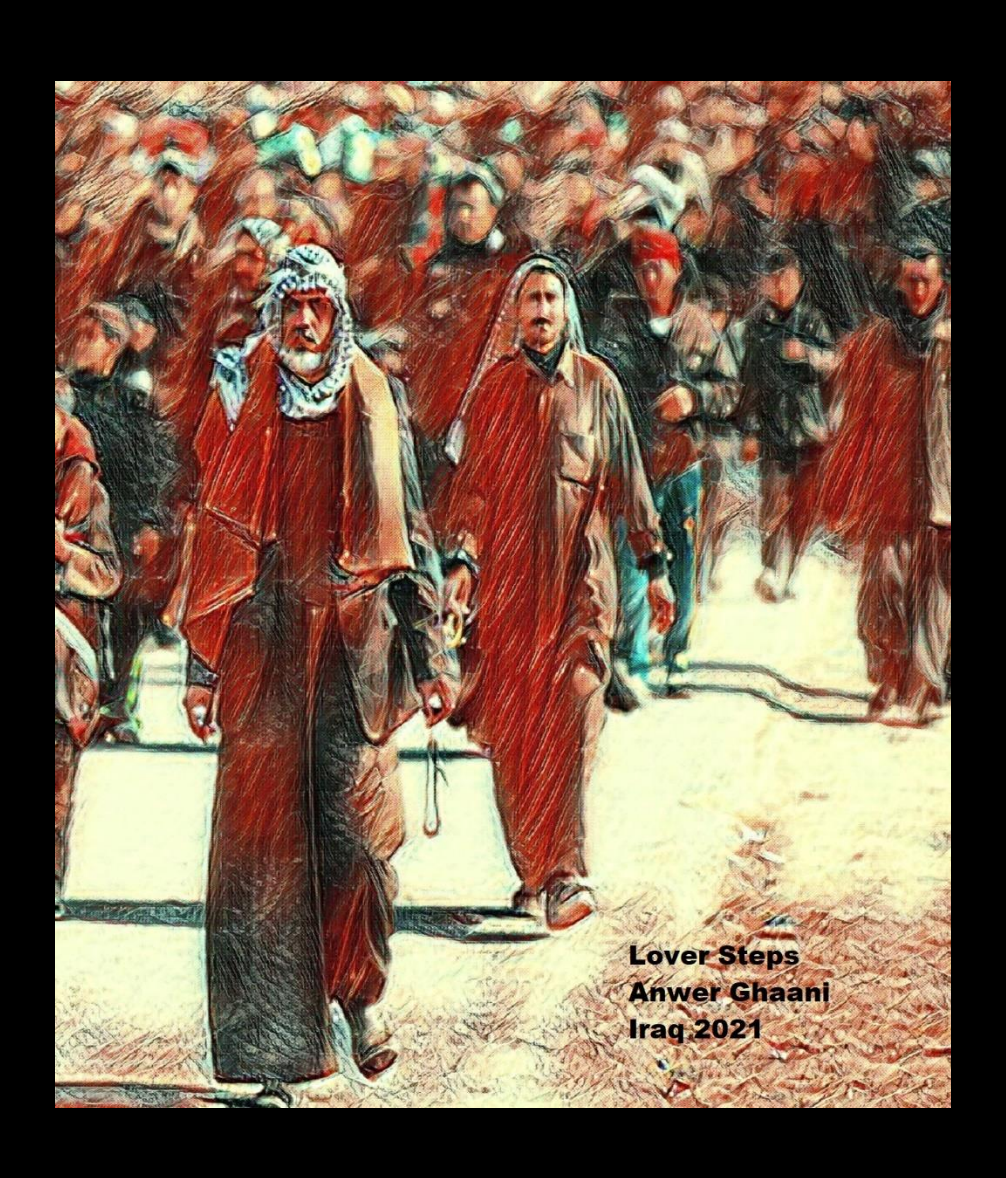
Karbla Women


Karbala Women
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

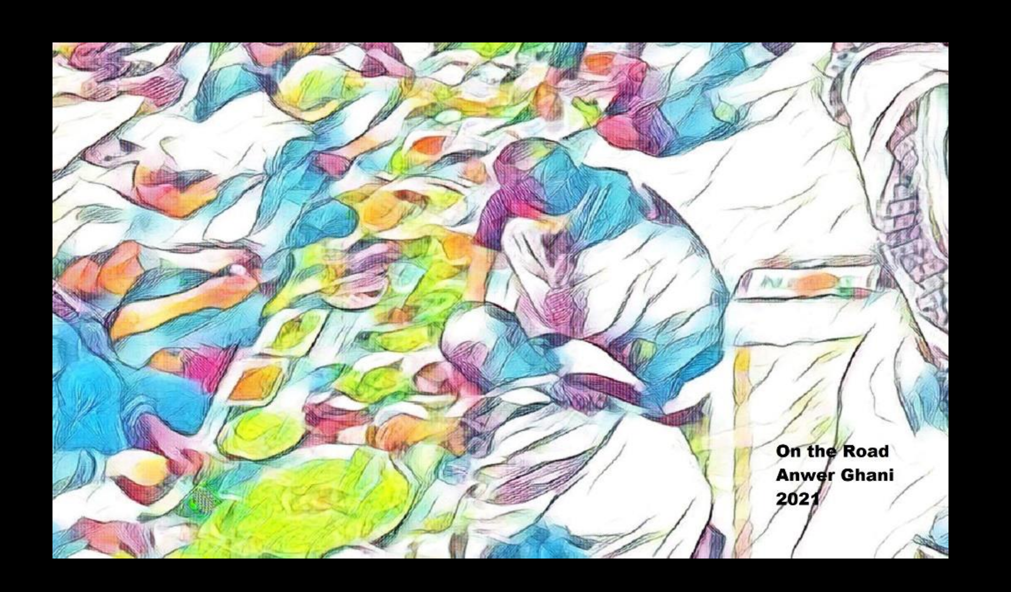
Light on the Road


Light on the Road
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

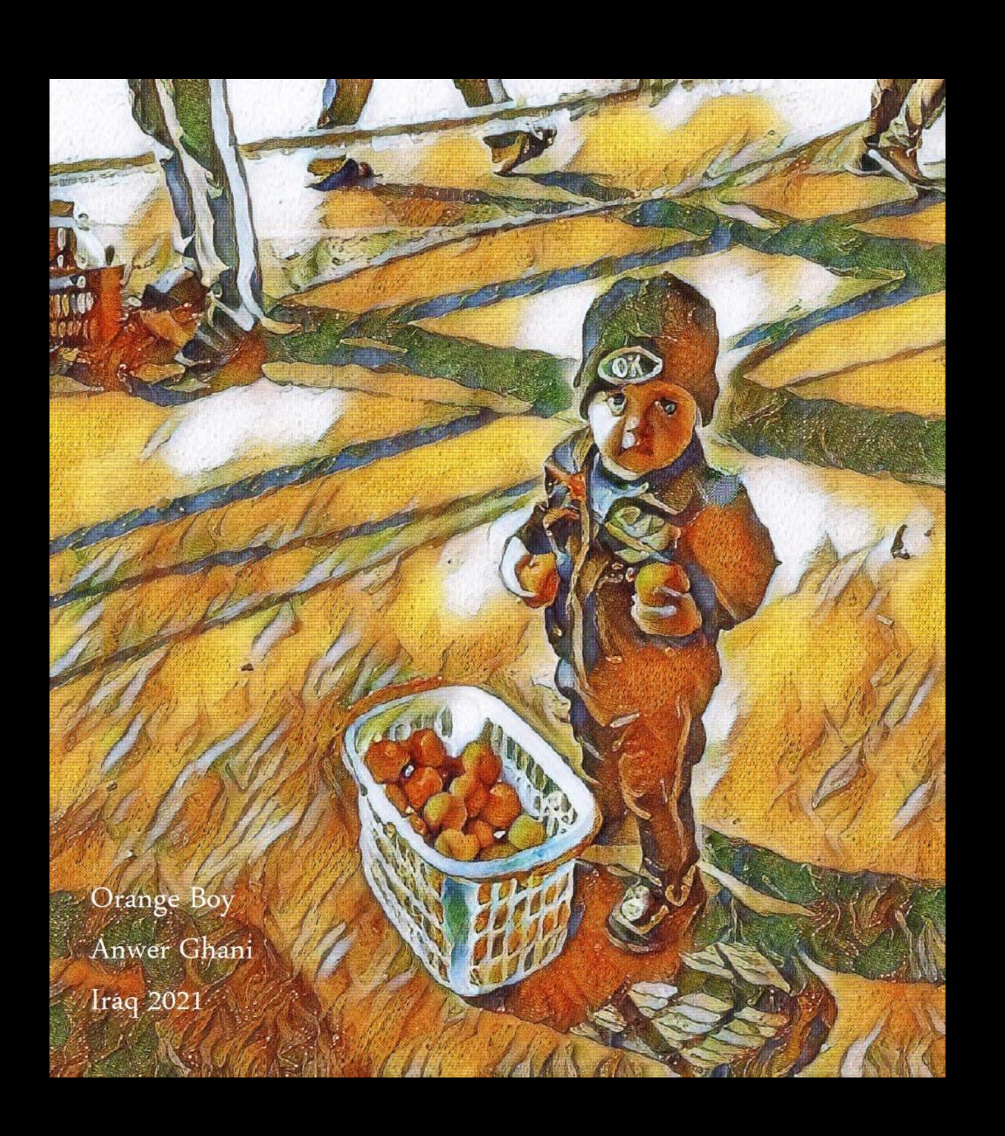
Lover Steps


Lover Steps
Anwer Ghaani
Iraq 2021

On the road


On the Road
Anwer Ghani
2021

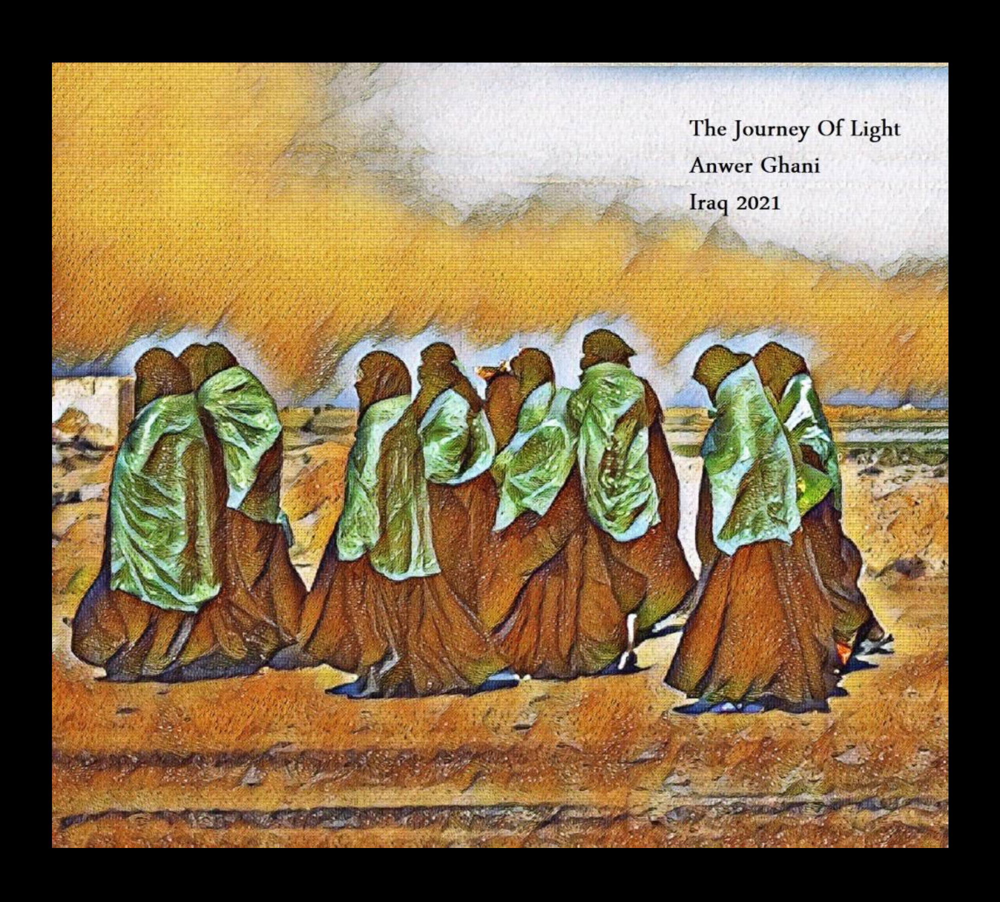
Orange Boy


Orange Boy
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

Tea on the Road


Tea On The Road
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

The Journey of Light


The Journey Of Light
Anwer Ghani
Iraq 2021

The Red Road


The Red Road
Anwer Ghani
2021

The Author

Introduction

This is a short autobiography of Anwer Ghani in English with poetic autobiography was written by Anwer Ghani and the last update was in 2019.

Poetic Autobiography

I AM AN IRAQI MAN

I am an Iraqi man; my life was postponed and my face was stolen by wars. I know nothing about beauty or Detain Falls.

I am an Arab man, and like you, I feel the value of life and the depth of a smile. I have family and children, and like you; I love coffee and eat eggs and cheese for breakfast.

I am a farmer from the south, and all what I carry in my pockets are oranges.

I am from here, the pain land; my father is the groaning and my mother is the weeping.

I am the war's son; my memory was kneaded by her rugged dance and my heart colored with her gloomy soul. When the tales of the mountains ended at her cold knees, you will find me in her smoky corners with my dreadful shivering.

I am a doctor in my small town's hospital, and in addition to this, I love the poets. The poets and the physicians are twins and they had drunk the spiritual milk from the same hopeful breast

I believe in poetry and always spend a huge effort in beseeching a paper to hang my dreams on her chest

I am a good reader and you know the poet as well as the physician is a good reader.

I am a Babylonian poet; I love the blossoms and the colors of the Kashmiri people's dresses. I love Simic's poems very much and I wish to visit the poetry institutes in New York, but I am banned, so I am sad, and I will tell this story to my children.

I am from the Middle East, and this is all my crime.

I am an Iraqi man waking up every morning with a poetic soul and a rhythmic speech and standing with my painting beside that

tall tree but I can't forget that mud which we had kneaded with our pain and the sand which we had eaten with our bread.

I am neither a horse nor a rabbit and when the sunset kisses their old wood I realize the sweetness of the fence-less life, but when all these horses with their heroes stand on my back, at that time I will remember our war’s children.

I am an Iraqi man; my voice is vaporous as a shadow and my dreams’s clothes are as short as a laugh.

I am sitting behind the trees to see their glory, dissolving in my master words:" everything has a river soul, even you".

I am an Iraqi man knows nothing but death and see nothing but darkness. My land, and unlike Whitman continent, had immersed in gloomy desert, and stand barely with moonless nights and sunless days.

I am, the war’s son, can’t read Whitman’s poetry, because my eyes were stolen and all Whitman’s eyes which had seen the lustiness were cornered.

I am a good son of war, so I am her mirror. Look at my water, it is dirty and look at my future, it is nothing but vagueness.

I am not in anti-Whitmanism, and the human souls are miracles, but they are not a miracle of beauty as he saw. Here is my empty life, I don’t have a grass’ child and nothing in me can stand to see the glory

I am sure if Whitman is alive now, he will cry with bitterness, and he will forget his thirst for eternity. I know the sublime Whitman’s land, the sublime Whitman’s descent, and the sublime Whitman’s continent

I am merely a road and a shoddy vehicle for all this blossoming. Yes, I know that the human soul is a big universe, and Whitman, the life, will not die.

I am merely a lifeless shadow. Whitman’ eyes had seen the pain, but his sons don’t see my pain. O Whitman’s sons, I am in pain, do you hear me?

I am lifeless creature and a nonexistent tale.

I am Arabian young can’t live with dauntlessness.

I am a man of the twenty-first century and my legs had dipped in the soul of the earth as an old cow.

I don't like the darkness, or its cold voice, but my hand was frosted as a woman’s coat and my friends’ hearts were hung on the absent trees of the coldness.

I am Muslim from Iraq and as any human I like the sun and I have dreams.

I am not an American or British, so I have no friend from these lands. Yes, my father had headband, and my grandfather had a woolen mantle, but this can't make me a rejected creature

I know the gazes of the birds and the sounds of the water and I know the tales of the moon and the dreams of the lovers, but this won't help to prevent the rejection.

I am not an ugly creature, and the veil of my mother is to keep beauty for special moment and not to hide the repulsiveness.

I am a Muslim writer from Iraq and I'm not a terrorist as you think.

I am a dry leaf from Iraq, know nothing about the beauty or artists, and all what I know is the blood and tales of the war. Here, in my broken chest, is a pale boy, lives in this wide earth with a small soul and walks in this shining world with a hidden face.

I am an Iraqi man, and my soul was kneaded with the war's tales and the sad sumac. My streets, which are immersed in the war's perfume, had straggled in the desert of the sadness, and like our girls, they always dream of fireless days.

I, as any shadowed tale, tried to hide my dead flowers by a worn-out mantle, so you can't see any picture of the revived fragrance.

I am the mantle man; my water is dirty and all these cloaks can't conceal its sadness.

I am the nude man, and it is not strange to see my feet immersed deeply in every futile tale.

I am the mantle of sadness; my land is a picture of crying and my women are the boats of the hardship.

I am living in a small city and after every Friday' prayer there was a demonstration in its narrow streets. I like the demonstration because of its modernism and because it was prevented in my country for decades.

I am not a revolutionary man and I always try to walk beside the wall, but my small bird has an ardent soul, and at the time of Saddam's falling he quickly changes his color to a yellowish democratic one.

I am the blindness' son know nothing about amazing orange of sunset.

I am a gray man, know nothing about the vivid perfumes, and my dreams are faded as an old wood.

I am the son of wars, and all what you can see is my crippled remnants

I don't remember anything about the peaceful dresses, because our town brides had been killed before their weddings, and our land's face was smashed by unknown.

I am a man from East; my color is different from that of my western friend, but in spite of this we are in deep intimacy which the moon's lovers can't imagine.

I am an Iraqi man, and my soul was kneaded with the kebab’s sumac. My dreams had immersed in the kebab’s perfume and straggled in the desert of sad sumac.

I am from the south where the trees are dry and the rivers are waterless. Our sky is dark and our sun is fogy.

I am from that south where everything is colorless. The fields have daughters but the streets are always blind.

I am disappearing with happiness in the mothers' light. My heart, like a bird on an icy bough, will immerse in that moment which come from their chants.

I am rivulet water, and at her gaze, I am a motionless leaf; my love is that wind which can cross all clouds, and that grass which hug all world goats, but the mother light is a different world and impossible in its oneness.

I am a farmer from the south bring nothing in my pocket but oranges. Look at my face, it is brown and look at my hands, they are white.

I am from here, from the south; an Eastern man with a dreamy soul.

I am a dreamer from the south; my heart bears nothing but simple love and my mouth smiles without cause.

I am not a big delusive mirror, but I feel that I am a colored shadow seeking a unique flower, and when I find her, she says: Oh the seeker, sometime you need to be blind to see clearly. I hear her voice, and see her face in my heart, because I am a blind man.

I am an inchoate gale bears the blemished dreams with small feet. My eyes are groovy like a discovery ship and my skin is a colorless secret.

I am inchoate, so you see my words trundle freely and insanely.

I am a suntanned man but not nebulous, so I can count my fingers easily because I am midget as the old tidbits of my mother.

I am from here; the south and as well as my grandfather's atrophy, I am always disappearing in our founts' secrets.

I am seeing Trump's picture every time and my days are madly filled with news about him. At the breakfast, at the launch, at the dinner and when I went to sleep there are pictures of Trump

I am an additional thing and I should not see my face in the mirror but Trump points out to my existence even with a hate manner

I should thank Trump because he was remembering the world that there is a forgettable thing living with the world's pain under

the sand of these eastern land where all the world's wars happened.

I am not a new Jesus but this world had smashed my face and had forgotten all his plays in my life.

I am a colorless man with tiny weight and all what I can understand is the awesomeness of Trump's rainbow.

I am nothing but a bitter song kneeling with servility. My clothes had flown with strange winds and my dream had enshrouded with clouds which destroying my days.

I was emerging as a soundless cow putting black glasses on her blind eyes. This is me, nothing but sadness and everything without existence. My life is postponed and my soul is a ruin.

I am, according to Trump, a dangerous creature. He doesn't want to see my blood filling the rivulets and doesn't want to smell the odor of my burning trees.

I am addicted to fish, but in my childhood, I did not like it. Here, In Iraq, the "zephyr" is a folkish name which was given to the odor of fish, but I think this may come from the beautiful color of Guppy where a dreamy painting is transfigured.

I am a strange man coming from a forgotten land and I always try to show my clean passport, and with a smile means much, he stands not to greet me, Trump; the president of the USA, but to wave frankly that I am unwelcome.

I am not a professional visual poetry maker, but my mother told me that the humans had soft and delicate souls

I am sure that when my mother has known a little about Trump's witchcraft, she will change her idea about the power of sorcery.

I am a Babylon's son but Trump is a Queen's son. What will happen if we exchange our birth location? But honestly, I can't imagine myself as a queen's son, and I can't imagine Trump as a farmer's son.

I am, according to Trump, an extinct creature so he tries to hang my life on the absent bridge, then he appears on TV to say that I am a myth.

I am an Arabic man whose life was stolen and his dreams were postponed.

I am, in Trump's saying, a dangerous man and my hand can't draw any beautiful painting.

I am an Iraqi man know nothing about freedom and my father told me that there is a big tent of understanding in New York, and under its ardent ceiling there is a free man wearing smiles for aliens.

I had put my poems in it, some flowers, my father's tales, some Edson's poems and some saying of an American freeman, but as you see I am banned.

I am a left-handed person and I learned the writing before the school age, but I became feverish when I read "Donald Trump's Twenty Most Frequently Used Words."

I am from the Middle East and many of my people are immigrant, so according to Trump's school, I am stupid, loser, and from" THEY."

I am, according to Trump vision; moron, lightweight, and with zero rights on this earth. I am bad, dangerous, really dangerous, and not from "WE". When I am writing these words, I remember my grandfather say "if you want to change the fate of something, you can do that by changing your words about it."

I am neither a journalist nor a teacher, but I am a simple farmer know many things about the colors of the worms which live under the shade of my palm trees.

I am not the president, but Trump is the USA president, and he should know everything about the paleness of Albasrah's palm trees because they say that Trump is the last emperor.

I am the war's son emerging from its charred fissures as a bitter shadow. In that atoll which the immigrants told me about, there was a tent of gorgeous warmth.

I am not a dreamer man, but when I see the awesomeness of that world, I remember my obligatory sadness and unfair floppiness.

I am sure that you know everything about fairies even what they dress in the morning. From their windows they have raised their tales and swing their colorful ends with delight. They are unlike me always in happiness, and always seeking the cold water

I am a corner of destruction where this world hangs my soul on a flaming corn deeply in the seventh underneath. I will try to ask the enchanter to discover my bad magic to end the life's runaway. And by the way I will ask him to give me a little of fairies' feather to light my dark days.

I am an old farmer. I cannot see my figure, but on the water face. It was small like my dream, at that time I had been a child dissolved in the butterfly colors

I am a free bird, I love the mud smell, and because my father planted me with a wheat seed in our small garden, I like the noon sun when it touches my face

I am not happy and can't tell you about fiery passion, but you should remember my yellow bird and his cheap blood.

I want to live in simplicity, walking in my town alleys with breeze jests with my deep. I am now feeling boredom in this noisy city. The birds are few nowadays.

I am trying to plant a tree from that type which blossoms in winter to make the birds live with no estrangement, or in a precise word to make myself live with no estrangement,

I am the son of war; know nothing but smoke and see nothing but black colors. My rivers filled with salty tears and my dead children lie on the dry streets as cheap rocks.

I am a man from Iraq, do you see me? O, the humanity who had forgotten me as an extinct creature.

I am the corpse which had been thundered by deaf fever. I lean down on barefooted roads as a stranger, nothing recognizes me but cold. In my salt soul I see nothing but groaning. This is me: a salt shadow dreaming of waterish hand

I am just a heap of salt remnants. Their ghosts ride on me as a blind horse so I am good only in clashing with my trees. I don't see all that glory but I can see a stone bleeding my feet and a harsh trunk cleaving my head.

I am a simple man from the south where the green dreams color the sun's eyelashes. My smile is dizzy but my eyes are brilliant so I can travel through the infinity as shadows.

I am here, with this motionless body; a young Eastern man drowns in his shameful hesitance.

I am the son of sand sitting on the top of the hill, repeating old songs.

I am a grey body know nothing about the sun. It's me, an Arabian man growing in the middle of the desert with my salty

soul. My dream travelled with the evening like migratory trees and my life is neglected like a cat under the rain.

I am living in a faceless desert, so you can't see the carousels in my heart, and all what I can imagine is my gray stick.

I am a desert's man know nothing about the grass. This earth, which I always love it, stands over my shoulder with cold extremities, so I can't see her gloomy face, but I grope everything in her corners.

I am a simple man from the south. My skin is brown and it becomes darker when I hear about the giant salmon of Japan. I have an amazing coffee coloring my days but the story does not start from my grandfather's coffee beans because my coffee is of instant type

I am a sand man know nothing but dryness. Yes, I hear your voice and I can see your face but I can't love you because I am a yellow man brings nothing but sadness.

I have immersed in every awesome strange moment and I can smell perfume of the sea flowers but I can't love you because I am just a war remnant has no heart.

I am the war's son so I know it and its ugly voices.   It is a gray tale, dressing its red mantle in lonesome nights.

I am not a revolutionary man and I always try to walk beside the wall but my bird has an ardent soul and he has quickly changed his color to grasp any leftovers.

I am not a big traveler, but I am sure that I won't see like this bewitching land.

I am not in the bare land now, but its dry winds color my dreams.

I am from the south where the sun is naked and the rivers are waterless. I can't give you a rose because our summer is a skilled flower’s killer and our butterflies had retired in an anonymous day

I am a man without figure and like the birds; my home is a simple nest under unmerciful sun. Look at my skin, it is dry and look at my eyes; they are illusionary.

I am a man from the south where the streams cover our fields but I can't remember anyone. My grandfather was a farmer from south and he cloves its brooks.

I am a flower from the sand’s cities suffers from love as a shepherd had been drowning in the gulf.

I am standing in that corner, enumerating the yearning’s breaths.

I am a wild man knows the animals' sounds but not pure like them. The bears are neither rough nor brown and the owl is sliver and see the truth. At that glory,

I was smiling in the morning and for many times I was sitting at a lake I didn't remember its name. Now I am rootless; my small hut had lost its threads and my mantle had colored with forgetfulness.

I am crying for my precious trees. I had forgotten their colors and voices.

I am very sad and colorless and never remember the smiles of my missing trees.

I am a yellow tree with cold whispers. As a thirsty spike, I am waiting crippled dreams. My streets had been stolen and my brooks know nothing but pallor.

I am an old farmer and all these lonely winds can't find place on my tongue. Like a green leaf, I cannot see my face but in water and all kisses of North Mountains share me my pillow.

I am a farmer know this earth perfume. I grew between its legumes like a butterfly. Come here; look at the Euphrates's sweetness. He doesn't know any spite.

I am here, with this motionless brain and useless body, an eastern man drowning in the illusions.

I am a physician and I know very well the burning taste of the strange moments of illusion. They are like the gray papers which had been disappeared in salt seas without pain.

I am in a thirsty time and my heart is faint like a dry illusion

I am a man made from wood and I don't know anything about lying. May I stand in the heart of this waterfall? I mean away from your pale lightness.

I am the son of pale moon; my hand is very cold and my lip is fissured as a widow's heart.

I am a lifeless tree with colorless tales. I am a man can't live with dauntless boat. Here, in my destroyed land, there is no glory nor poems and all what can you see is a pale death.

I am a smashed shadow, so don't try to see my face.

I am a farmer from the south. My heart was made from the sun rays and my pulse is a birds' chant. At the twilight, I try to kiss the faces of fairies and in the evening, I drown delightedly in a hidden ocean.

I am a man from the ruined land. My dreams were killed as a beautiful bird and my smile was stolen in a bright day.

I am standing under these remnants as a shadow without feet or head. I try to cry and always attempt to wash my bitter heart, but the stormy wind is constantly coloring my soul with a dry breeze.

I am silent as a wintery soul. It grasps all the warm colors and unwinds them in my dreams. Its voice was silvery like a waterfall and its palm is smooth like the moon.

I am a simple man from the south know nothing about the baseball. May be someday I will accompany a New York poet on Brooklyn Bridge, at that moment I will collect the rain drops of "A poet in New York" from Fifth Avenue and the rainbows from Statue of Liberty.

I am an Uruki man but I can see my New Yorker soul which can stably walk above Brooklyn Bridge and sleep stertorous near the Central Park in that unsleeping city.

I am not a delusional man but I know that the bizarre souls are the blood of our world.

I am as well as any Iraqi young turning my eyes toward the anonymous city. I want to die cheaply, and to live in humiliation in that strange city which filled my heart with a colored loneness and an incisive coldness.

I am impure and blind but I should find my pureness to see the picture of that soldier who longs for free death.

I am now so sorry because I couldn't die as soldier and I know that the life has a smile which can't be seen but by that death.

I am standing here every day as a strange bird; I am standing here lonely and listening to that voice; my heat voice.

I am standing here every day awaiting return of my pure soul to die as a soldier.

I am a red man from the wars's land; my coat is bloody and my soul is smashed. No summer here and no spring flower, just red winter.

I am a springs' lover, and I can't hide my ardors in the yearning moments. What can I do if the windows of my depth can't see but charming breeze?

I am not a hippie, but I seriously had thought to live in the forest without cooker or air-conditioner, just wood for the fire. I will drink the river water with birds and eat the green leaves with deer.

I am farmer from the south and you know there is nothing here but dry sunset, so I decided to bring a gypsy wagon into my home to teach my children the waterish freedom.

I am the son of winter; my ancestry had left me alone in this frosted lake. Look at my face; it is colorless; feel my hands; they are short and dead.

I am a faint story with a wide shame splits my waiting.

I am a dry desert ending in my yearning like a sad bride in her dream the death has been sitting.

I am neither an almond tree nor a warm voice so I always bend at morning with snowy face and turn to a very cold tale.

I am the son of war; my heart is a dry desert and my memory was kneaded by tough dances.

I am a Babylonian poet; my life is the sadness itself and my roads are the death itself.

I am from the south where everything weeps even the sun. Our women don't know but crying and their breasts had forgotten milk.

I am a simple man know nothing about baseball. My New Yorker soul appears in my dream as a smiling flower with long hair.

I am a simple farmer, but I can see the soul of Empire State from my old waterwheel. I am not a big dreamer when I wish to sleep near the Central Park in that unsleeping city.

I am a butterfly with colored eyes. On my wings dreamy youngsters have bestrewed and on my eyelids a silver lover has slept.

I am trying to color my soul with a windy gaze but as you see nothing here; in my depths, but the loss.

I am an Arabian man and there is nothing here but deserted souls, so I decided to immerse in my grandfather’s well and stray in his old field looking for our lost mare.

I am a lean bough of a magic dawn; no sun on my forehead and no kiss on my neck. I know the freedom very well but I can't see the road.

I am a blind bird and I should learn from the freedom kiss how to see the life. There, on the mouths of freedom shapers, you find that violet kisses.

I am free so I can chant the birds' songs without tiredness and learn the hills their rosy voices.

I am trying to plant evergreen trees for our tired birds but they wait for runaway boats.

I am the war's son; my worn-out mantle has been dragged into vacancy like a cow loving the vows. Yes, it is me, a remote tent its voice has been vanished before sunset.

I am the wars' son sinking into the sand of the glorious stories of the soldiers and enjoying the legends which descend in the morning with drowned ships.

I am the son of war; my heart is a dry desert and my memory is a broken mirror has been kneaded with tough dances.

I am the last lover in this smashed earth. Look at my heart, you will find it empty and look at my eyes, they are blind and red.

I am a blind tree know nothing about the evening breeze and its chants. All I know is a failing attempt to catch the ragged remnants of this world.

I am from a grey city where everything has no voice even the girls. The bridges are so blind with weak breath exactly like the eyelids of my sick bird.

I am a timeworn farmer but I love our river's blind fairies. I know the tones of their melodic sounds, the cooing of their charming chants and the tan of their ancient henna.

I am a lover from the blind time, my wishes are very pure and my stories are endless.

I am very busy in bringing some water to an unknown salty cloud.

I am a farmer from the south, and I can love anything, but believe me; that salty cloud had filled my heart with wet cats. The cats are beautiful, and my wife loves them very much especially if they are damp.

I am the son of green laughs, look at me; do you see anything except drought? My corners are dark like the soul of this city and the wail penetrating my breath like feet of invaders.

I am from the desert; look at my mantle and you will know the story. Yes; there may be hidden greenness in the desert but believe me there is nothing in my heart just emptiness.

I am not so happy despite all the stories about the civilization and all what I can see are smoky days.

Bio and Degrees

ANWER GHANI

Anwer Ghani is an award winner poet from Iraq. He was born in 1973 in Babylon. His name has appeared in more than fifty literary magazines and twenty anthologies in USA, UK and Asia and he has won many prizes; one of them is the "World Laureate-Best Poet in 2017 from WNWU". In 2018 he was nominated to Adelaide Award for poetry and in 2019 he is the winner of Rock Pebbles Literary Award and the award of United Spirit of Writers Academy for Poetry. Anwer is a religious scholar and consultant nephrologist and the author of more than eighty books; thirteenth of them are in English like; “Narratolyric writing”; (2016),“Antipoetic Poems”;(2017) and "Mosaicked Poems"; (2018), and “The Styles of Poetry”; 2019. Anwer is the editor in chief of Arcs Prose Poetry magazine.

1973 ,Babylon.

Poet, physician and Religious scholar from Iraq

Address: Iraq , Babylon 51001 , Babylon post office , postal box 396.

Passport name: Anwar Gheni Jaber

Pen name: Anwer Ghani

Married and has two daughters and son.

Consultant nephrologist in Dialysis unite in Alsadiq Hospital.

1973 :Born in Hilla – Iraq.

1991 :Kufa University of medicine.

1995 :publishing of 1st prose poem in Arabic journal.

1997 : MBChB.

1999 :Marriage

2000 :Alhilla Religious Science.

2004 :complete the 1st edition of his long prose poem (Death and Life), 44 pages.

2005 : Specialty in medicine (Internist).

2005 :Anajaf School of Fiqh science (Religious sciences).

2007 :Training on Kidney Transplantation in India.

2007١ :st digital publication of an Arabic book on Amazon.

2014١ :st poetry collection in Arabic on Amazon.

2015 :publishing of eight researches in nephrology. (from 2005-2015).

:٢٠١٥Consultant physician degree.

Books

More than 150 books.

Prizes

More than 15 prizes. Please see the update.

Update

2015:

-Founding of Tajeed group of prose poetry in Arabic and Tajeed magazine o prose poetry in Arabic.

-Founding Tajdeed prize for prose poetry in Arabic.

2016١ :st publishing of a book of literary essays on Amazon.

2017:

-Publishing poetry in more than 30 magazines.

-Publishing of Antipoetic poems on Amazon.

-Founding of Arcs prose poetry group and Arcs magazine of prose poetry.

-Publishing of 70 books in Arabic and English on Amazon.

-WNWU Prize of best poet.

2018:

publishing the 11th book in English (poetry and literary theory) on Amazon.

-Inner child press award.

-Nominee for the best poet on net by Sprite Fire.

2018:

-Founding of Arcs prize for prose poetry.

-Adelaide prize nominee of best poetry

-publishing of Mosaicked poems book on Amazon.

-Erbacce prize nominee.

2019:

-Founding of International Prose Poetry Society.

-Rock Pebbles ward for literature.

-United Spirit of World Writers Award.

“ -Salty poems” book by Justfiction-OmniSpectrum

“ -A Farmer’s Chants” book by inner child press.

“ -Colored Whispers” by AABS publishing house.

" -Poetic Pallete" an art-poetry book with Antra Sirvasta by ABBS.

Personality:

In life: A lover husband and farther.

In external: A simple farmers’ son.

In internal: A son of light.

In work: A Dialysis provider.

In writing: a Prose poetry writer and lover.

In Religious science: A Moheddith, (A Narrator of holly sayings).

In Believe: An Allah lover and paradise seeker.

Quotes: love always wins

Pictures







أنور غني الموسوي كاتب وشاعر عراقي ، باحث ديني ، طبيب استشاري ومؤلف لأكثر من مائة كتاب. ولد عام ١٩٧٣ في الحلة.

Anwer Ghani is an Iraqi author and poet, a religious scholar, consultant physician and author of more than a hundred books. He was born in 1973 in Hilla.

